

## Yukmouth

### "Sad millionaire"

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Phats)\*

All I know..... is this Regime shit.

Chorus \*(Phats, Big Lurch)\*

I'm juss a thousandaire

but pretty soon I plan to be a millionaire

playa hatas best beware!

\*(Big Lurch)\*

Don't hate on mine

when you want that sim to shine!

Don't hate on mine

when you want that sim to shine!

Verse 1 \*(Yukmouth)\*

Nigga. Let's do it.

I'm tryin to touch mo' money than Bill Gates

but know that

when you get the money they will hate

them broads that hang around you wit the ice grill face

be the broads that lay you and take you to an ill place

Where the doe at?

They know you ballin, cuz you deal weight

you better show that, nigga where the safe is at while

you still safe  
cuz, niggas will take yo life  
probably rape yo wife  
if they can't say China white, now say goodnight!  
To the bad guy  
in a ski mask guy  
I been gettin cash guy  
ever since my dad died  
me and my real boys  
in Mazda-has  
bitches wit, cat eyes feed me lobster ya'll  
if I wanna ride I cop it, dawg  
if I gotta flip one for my chocolate dawg  
juss like we shop at the mall  
don't knock it ya'll  
I been ballin since the days of Genesis  
and Benz's flipped  
tinted shit, while you just rentin shit  
pretendin it's, yours  
drivin Honda Accord's and Ford Probe's  
niggas flossin them hoes  
my name is known across the globe  
see me talkin on shows  
Rolex rockin them hoes  
knockin on my door lookin fo yo bitch, I put the glock to  
your nose.

\*(Chorus)\* 2x

Verse 2 \*(Phats Bossalini)\*

Blast the blood clot

my niggas makin money non-stop

off the rock

another hundred to cop

fiends blisterin

all action

we G's wit Mac-10's

co-captian

Boss was sworn as a coppo

take bread

live like Macho, push the throttle

jet black seat pushed back in a Diablo

die slow

my niggas want it and triffle it

Hummer shit

cover my mic cuz it's priceless

ice this

Rolex piece, watch and Jeep

niggas lose sleep

trainin my beasts how to feast

where the broke eat

approach yo block wit guns

cops will come

spread the bread in lumps son

my nigga John John

he had his head on tight

hit the pipe

now he tweaked, high as a kite

I used to shed tears

knew damn deep he didn't care

hope and dreams that was all that's there to be a  
millionaire.

\*(Chorus)\* 2x

Verse 3 \*(Phats Bossalini)\*

My niggas rock solid

make the money be the object

fuck a colleauge

I'm off the clock rockin dollas

see us

peep us

it's juss the three of us

me an Yuk, plus Mad Maxx been out to get some.

Verse 4 \*(Yukmouth)\*

Feed it up

soon as I get up

I got to roll a phat spliff up

smoke til it burn my finger tips an lips up

drinkin liquor til I get the hic ups

fuck bad bitches then we switch up

fuck bad bitches then we switch up.

Verse 5 \*(Phats Bossalini)\*

Watch me shine in my nine-nine custom design  
niggas sniffin lines sayin Boss committed a crime  
I robbed the bomb shelter  
shipped the goods off the delta  
task asks if Phats the man wit no replica.

Verse 6 \*(Yukmouth)\*

No replica  
put the tech to ya  
Smiff-N-Wesson ya  
here's the lesson to be learned, don't test the young  
Hugh Heffener  
4 point 6 snatchin up yo bitch  
an when it comes to mics I wreck this shit  
collectin chips  
disrespect yo click  
I come wit real shit  
from the Village Oak-Town  
raised a drug dealer, to be rappin and stars Mo Town  
on the low down, I used to blow brown, but now I blow  
pounds  
went from bein ugly as fuck, to havin hoes now  
you know now.  
\*(Chorus til end

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